A PANEGYRICK TO THE KING.

BY

John Glanvill of *Lincolns-Inn*, Esq;

Tu regere Imperio populos, Rex maxime noſtris
(Hæ tibi ſunt artes) pacique imponere morem.

Virg. Æn. 6.

LONDON,

Printed for *John Newton* at the *Three Pigeons* againſt the *Inner-Temple-Gate* in *Fleetſtreet*, 1967.

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VAliant, and Wise, with Fame and Conquests blest;
These Titles have by others been possest;
Tamerlane, *Cæsar*, forty Braves before,
As much have ventur'd, or have vanquish'd more.
Fame's a cheap Price, about in common hurl'd,
The Lot of every Bustler of the World,
Valour's a Vice, injuriously pursu'd,
And Wisdom, oft, but Cunning to delude,
These have been mourn'd in most, and might in Thee,
If Foes to Right, and Friends to Tyranny;
If fraudfull Counsels, to promote Thy Spoil,
Labour'd ill-listning Nations to embroil:
If vain Ambition led Thy Arms, and Power
Were but Thy wrongfull Means to compass more;

(Whilst

(Whilſt the falſe Hero, frantickly poſſeſt,
Others diſturbing, gave himſelf no reſt.)
But when Thy Arms, Thy Counſels, and Thy State,
(To ſhew Thee truly and entirely Great)
Protect, not harm, and bravely are apply'd
To raiſe the Proſtrate, and to humble Pride;
When thoſe, and thoſe alone, Thy Foes we find,
Who too are Foes of Nature, and Mankind;
When all Thy juſter Policies delight,
Not to divide the World, but to unite;
When chuſing Peace, or animating War,
The Publick Good, is ſtill Thy Private Care;
When thus Thou tread'ſt unqueſtion'd Paths of Praiſe,
Perſuing Generous Ends by Generous Ways;
This Noble Uſe, this Majeſty of Soul
Exalts the Reſt, and dignifies the Whole:
To Rarer Honour a Superiour Claim
Erects, and gives Diſtinction to Thy Fame.
Then, when the Nations view thy wide-ſtretch'd Pow'r,
They view with Pleaſure, and they wiſh it more;
Joy in Thy Conduct, which ſo wiſely knows
To vanquiſh Obſtacles, and fruſtrate Foes,
An equal Stream, that ſilent flows and ſtrong,
Bears up all Weight, and drives all Force along;
Thy Courage charms us then, or when to wield
The Sword, it bears Thee boiling to the Field;
Or when it wings thy Generous Haſt, nor Stay
Allows, tho' Nature would forbid Thy way;

Not

Not letting Winter Winter be to Thee,
But mocking hazards of a Frozen Sea;
Where Ice and Cold Thy Ardour but inflame,
And darkning Mists give Lustre to thy Fame.
Then fond of all, we every Talent bless,
In each the Hero visible confess;
Then a shy Muse, that timerous of Praise,
Wou'd to vain Idols Altars scorn to raise,
Her Incense brings, and daring Thee to sing,
The Conqueror hails, the Peace-maker, and King.

A King whom Fate a Sovereign wou'd advance,
Not by so low a Means as Birth, and Chance:
A King petition'd to accept of Power,
And rule a State thy Arms preserv'd before.
Of old when *Perseus* freed the Lovely Maid,
He set his price, and bargain'd for his Aid:
View'd the chain'd Beauty with desiring Eyes,
And ask'd the Victim as the Victor's Prize.
Noblier by Thee was the fair Isle reliev'd,
Not claim'd and paid, but offer'd and receiv'd.
Let those court Empire who want Empire's State;
The Hero needs no Throne to make him Great:
Owes his own Arm what Glory can afford,
Nor Scepter sees so shining as his Sword.
Him Empire courts, Kingdoms on him rely,
And to His Sword Scepters for Refuge fly.

Sure Liberty we ſaw in Thy Command,
Nor fear'd Protection from ſo ſtrong a Hand:
Whilſt well we judg'd (nor did in vain depend)
That he who cou'd Deliver cou'd Defend.

Th' Event has anſwer'd with ſo kind Succeſs,
We want no more, and Thou wou'dſt give no leſs.
Thou mak'ſt our Ends attain'd, our Wars to ceaſe;
Thou mad'ſt to us thoſe very Wars be Peace.
At Home ſecur'd, untroubl'd from Abroad,
Hoſtility forbid, and Faction aw'd.
Not ſo *Hibernian* Plains th' injurious Foe
Eſcap'd, nor *Caledonian* Mountains ſo;
A ruder Fate they found, their Sanguine ſhare,
Were Fields of Triumph, but were Fields of War.
So though *Jove* Rules, are harmfull Tempeſts hurl'd,
Vexing his diſtant and inferiour World:
But where th' Imperial God his Court maintains,
That Region's ſafe, there Peace unalter'd reigns:
No Storm may riſe that Quiet to impair;
Nor will he need to uſe his Thunder there.
Such the ſure Calm, ſo placid, and ſerene,
Of our bleſt Seat has been the gentle Scene.
Aloft Thy ſhelter o'er the Land diſplay'd,
We ſate below, and wanton'd in Thy Shade.
If Danger e'er preſum'd to grow more bold,
It cou'd not reach, and ſcarce alarm'd Thy Fold.

Then too the Foe took care to let us ſee,
From Thy watch'd Abſence, what we owe to Thee.
Car'd not t'approach, when we might have thee here,
But in his very daring ſhew'd his Fear.
Thus all own'd Thee the Guardian of our State;
By Thee made Safe, and by Thee too made Great.
Great, as when fam'd in noble former Days,
Our War was Honour, and our Peace was Praiſe;
E'er erring Intereſts in inglorious Times,
Eaſe and Contention made alike our Crimes:
Great, as when we ſo wiſely knew to doe
Our own at once, and the World's Buſineſs too.
Such are the Glories which Thou doſt reſtore;
Such Policies, ſuch Warfare, and ſuch Power.
England once more is *England*, and Thy Reign
Has ſeen her act her brave old Part again;
Balance wild Power, that wou'd too far prevail,
Lend her important Weight, and poize the Scale.
Again her Arms for Freedom have appear'd,
Again in *Belgian* Plains been lov'd and fear'd:
Her Youth rejoycing to the Field did go,
To gain new Honours from her ancient Foe;
Whilſt under Thee ſhe traffick'd for a Name,
Dealt with vain Wealth for large Returns in Fame.

Here cou'd ſhe ſee a Conquering Navy come,
Full fraught with never-fading Lawrels home:

There how unrivall'd, th' Ocean all her own;
She rode at large, triumphantly alone.
As when a Soveraign Lion, ſternly great,
Ranges a *Lybian* Waſt in Martial State,
His vanquiſht Rival ſought, but ſought in vain,
Cloſe in ſome ſheltring Cave reſigns the Plain.
There if he hear the Conquerour dreadfull roar,
He ſhrinks in further, and he trembles more:
Mindfull of former Wounds, while no raſh heat
Riſes to tempt him to a new Defeat:
Such was the Scene then on the Watry Plain;
So did Thy awfull Fleets poſſeſs the Main.
On *Indian* Seas Thy Flags were ſeen Renown'd,
And Mid-land Coaſts heard Thy dread Cannon ſound.
Then how we lov'd to ſee proud States afraid!
The *Tuſcan* Duke, and *Adriatick* Maid
Send, and make court, and fawn upon Thy Power
Which ill they thought not their concern before.
So the Clouds heard to murmur from afar,
The diſtant Sound mayn't give the Impious care;
But as the Rolling Terror moves more near,
They ſhrink, and bow, and own the Thunderer.
Let ſtrong Ambition make the Nations bend,
And o'er the Vaſſal Earth its ſway extend,
'Tis narrow all to the unbounded Sea,
And who Reigns there, the mighty Monarch's He.

Yet

Yet may not Oceans limit Thy Command;
Lord o'er the Waves Thou Conqueror art at Land.
Kingdoms with Thee Thy Armies have o'er-run,
And Forts contriv'd, to mock Aſſailants, won;
There where no Bars cou'd their hot courſe reſtrain;
But Hills, and Rocks, and Walls, and Troops were vain:
Thoſe too ſo ſtrong that theſe they ſcarce requir'd,
So numerous theſe that ill they thoſe deſir'd.
What Toils deſpis'd! what Miracles perform'd!
What threatning Works how impudently ſtorm'd!
How eaſie 'twere the Maſter'd World t' o'ercome,
Once *Pyrrhus* ſaid, for either me or *Rome*!
For me with *Roman* Soldiers to my Aid,
For *Rome* with me her great Commander made.
What hopes might then by Thee, and us be fed!
By Thee ſo follow'd, and by us ſo led!
If we at leaſt can well the *Romans* be,
More than the *Pyrrhus* we poſſeſs in Thee.
Like him unwearied, generous Thou, and Brave,
Partak'ſt all Dangers, and no Toil wilt ſave.
Like His, thy Battels from their General ſhine,
And Thy ſelf wins the Victories which are Thine.
Like him thou know'ſt, but greater Things, to gain;
But unlike him thou know'ſt too to retain.
His Worth obtain'd (when Fate wou'd on him ſmile)
From willing Hands the fair *Sicilian* Iſle;
More has Thine done, and what his cou'd not do,
Obtain'd thy Iſland, and preſerv'd it too.
When Peace He offer'd to the *Roman* Pride;
Claudius was heard, and *Pyrrhus* was deny'd;
Thou had'ſt to Thee th' uncourted Proffer brought,
And to Thy very Camp Thy Friendſhip ſought:
Then Peace was too a Buſineſs of the Field,
And Armies ſaw the *Gaul* deſcending yield,

Glad to compound, and let the World be free,
Leave Thee Thy Kingdoms, and Thy Kingdoms Thee.
'Tis done, Contention and Debate are o'er,
And Arms and warlike Honours are no more.
No more Thy Martial Heat muſt warm the Field;
No more Thy Sword needs be the Nation's Shield.
No *Boyne* may now, compell'd to yield Thee way,
Submit, and give a Kingdom with the Day.
No *Namur* Tow'rs, that haughty mount the Sky,
Shall ſtoop to raiſe Thy Trophies yet more high.
But ruling Arts, and civil Conduct ſhewn,
All that in Peace is by good Monarchs done;
The Wealth reſtor'd which needfull War hath drain'd,
And Luxury, its ſofter Foe, reſtraind:
The Nation's Intereſt watchfully perſu'd,
The Court inſpected, and the State review'd.
Law which reform'd, ſhall Senſe and Juſtice be,
Nor vex'd with Arts, nor loſt in Nicety;
Commerce well ſettled, as well underſtood,
Not rul'd by private Gain, but publick Good;
Theſe left Thee ſtill, ſhall ample Glories bring,
And tho' the Soldier's paſt make great the King.
Oh might we but hope too, (nor hope in vain)
Our ancient *Engliſh* Manners to regain;
Might Sterling Honeſty once more be prais'd,
Reſtor'd, and to its noble Standard rais'd;
Then the Coin's fam'd Reform ſhou'd be a poor
Atchievement, and appear a Boaſt no more;
The greater Glory ſhould the leſs deface,
To purer Virtue ſtill the Silver Baſe.
And this ſhall be, degenerate fraud ſhall die,
And artleſs Faith, and old Simplicity
Revive, and baniſh all thoſe thouſand Ways,
By which falſe Man his Fellow Man betrays.

Then

Then Golden Times ſhall once again commence,
(The firſt but Plenty were and Innocence)
Thoſe Golden Times ſhall be acknowledg'd Thine,
And as our Money, with Thy Image ſhine;
A Sett of Years which taking riſe from Thee,
Shall make Thy Reign another *Epoche*.

What Poets then ſhall ſing in grateful Lays,
What happy Poets, of thoſe happy Days?
How will they love the Beauties to reherſe!
The flowry Scene to paint in flowry Verſe.
Yet as they wander, in a gayer Strain,
O'er the ſmooth Praiſes of Thy Halcyon Reign;
Some too ſhall take a Pleaſure to look back,
And of a rougher Fame a View ſhall take;
From Thy firſt Start deduc'd Thy Deeds ſhall trace
Through all th' Extent of the Heroick Race;
Shew how Thy Worth Thy way to Honour made;
A Worth obſcur'd, and breaking from a Shade:
As when fair Light through hoſtile Chaos preſt,
And vig'rous ever ſince the Globe has bleſt;
How at Thy Riſe, ſurprize did all engage,
To ſee Thee ſuch, ſurmounting all Preſage;
Daring, yet Cool; Conceal'd, yet no Diſguiſe;
Steddy with Youth, without Experience, Wiſe.
How Thy own *Holland* Thou, ſo well, didſt free;
By others loſt, to be retriev'd by Thee;
How in a larger Sphere advanc'd to ſhine,
The Leagu'd Affairs of half a World were Thine!
What Actions here? What Virtues ſhall they ſee?
What Faith? What Spirit? And what Conſtancy?
When with a *Fabian* Firmneſs, full the ſame,
Thou kept'ſt Thy Courſe, ſlighting, and gaining, Fame;

Fixt

Fixt in Thy Prudence, resolute to Thy Ends,
Nor tir'd with mighty Foes, nor feeble Friends.
Here, a fierce Chief shock'd in his Conquering way,
Shalt Thou Stem Victory, and reverse the Day;
There a forc'd Camp expiring War shall crown;
An Act so bold, it cou'd be Thine alone.
Grave, *Narden*, *Bon*, shall be renew'd to Fame,
And all Thy Wonders a Regard shall claim.
A thousand more of Brav'ry shall they find;
A thousand of the Honour of Thy Mind;
That Wrongs and Interest, cou'd alike Disdain,
And throw back offer'd Rule that wou'd its Brightness stain.

Those Jarrs asleep, Thou shalt repose awhile,
Till new Alarms sound to re-wake Thy Toil.
Then rous'd afresh they Thee shall lead to War,
With equal Ardour, and with equal Care.
There later Scenes again shall full be shown;
All that Thou hast perform'd, and *Europe* known,
'Till now, once more of lovely Peace possest,
She from Thy Labours re-injoys her Rest.
So when black Southern Clouds begin to pour
Impetuous down a wild destructive Show'r,
Then from the North does the brave *Boreas* rise,
A ready Champion, and asserts the Skies.
What Conflicts then the suffering Air molest?
The Plains above groan with the strong Contest.
The Face of Heav'n shifts, various, to the View;
Half clear it smiles, then gloomy frowns anew;
The Wind persists, is obstinate and fierce;
Till, tir'd the Clouds grow willing to disperse;
'Tis silence then; the warring Tempests cease,
And the fair World, all calm, returns to Peace.

FINIS.